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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

A MIDWINTER RECORD
EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH
OF
THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION
IN ONE YEAR.

Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1891.....	313,612
Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1892.....	377,892
A NET DAILY GAIN in twelve months of.....	64,280

In Advertising, Too.

Total Number of Advertisements printed in The World during February, 1891.....	57,022
During February, 1892.....	67,159
NET GAIN.....	10,137

THE NEW CITY HALL SITE.
The State Legislature now before it, in each branch, a bill allowing the location of New York's new municipal building in the only place where it can properly be located, on the present City Hall site. Every consideration of reason, common sense and municipal interest favors this choice of a position for the new structure.

It is a favorite argument of those who insist on the practical destruction of Bryant Park, in order that an uptown site may be obtained, that it is the New York of the future as well as the New York of to-day which must be provided for. This, in indeed, when correctly applied, a most potent argument for the City Hall Park site. For the great metropolis of the future not to be limited in its bounds by Manhattan Island nor by the stretch of annexed territory north of the Harlem River.

The great municipality which a future not far distant will certainly bring will include Brooklyn and Staten Island and, perhaps, even Jersey City. All this must be considered and is considered by those who have the best metropolitan interests at heart.

President GREEN, of the Municipal Consolidation Inquiry Commission, hit this phase of the matter exactly at yesterday's session of that body. The location of New York's new municipal building would be an important factor in the success of consolidation. Mr. GREEN said: "The neighborhood of City Hall would be the focal point of the new city, while to erect the buildings at Bryant Park would prejudice many Brooklynites against consolidation."

"I will pulverize Russia," the young Kaiser is reported to have said. And the Kaiser, to whom the remark was promptly carried, is said to have expressed the pleasure with which he and his armies would meet the opening of the pulverizing process. What a grinding there would be in the mills of the gods of war! And it may come, because Germany has an Emperor to-day who, to say the least, is not discreet in what he says.

patience of man beyond the point of enduring the law's slow and orderly process of dealing with a detected miscreant.

If the President cares to issue another ultimatum he may gather points from either Prof. MICHELL or Prof. SULLIVAN, the gift of default diction, as long as they are far enough apart in the matter of miles and specifications, having fallen magnificently upon both these eminent gentlemen.

New York City did not look to Gov. Flower in vain. Her valuable bridge and railroad franchises will not be snatched from her and presented to selfish corporations. The odious Sullivan bills are choked by the timely and business-like message from the Executive hand at Albany.

A boy at Canton, O., is reported to have been made crazy by hypnotism, he having served as a subject for a traveling "professor." The public needs protection both from the recklessness of operators who can hypnotize and the impositions of those who can't.

BERRY, the British hangman, announces his intention to make a lecture tour through America. All he can ask of his audiences will be to give him rope enough.

The crew of a dynamite schooner have mutinied. They didn't object to going out in the White Cloud, but had a prejudice against the peril of going up with it.

Attorney-General HENKEL is all right. Finding the Reading deal would break Pennsylvania's Constitution, he will proceed with the proper steps to break the deal.

The State count gives New York 1,800, - 891 population. It is time for the Porter census to hide its diminished head—diminished by nearly 300,000 souls.

Train Robber PARRY has been done in wax. The Lyons authorities will need to take double precautions that he doesn't melt out of jail.

It seems a little inconsistent that the free silver men will yet give no quarter.

The present City Hall occupies the only site for New York's new City Hall.

WORLDINGS.
Vinnie Bean Hozie, the sculptor, is an Arkansas girl who in her youth was a protégé of the late Gen. Albert Pike, the Mexican poet. Since her marriage some years ago to a doctor, Hozie has been doing both at a sculptor and a poet.

Utah was the only one of the hostile tribes of the Indians, and it is from them that the Territory takes its name.

There is a wine cask in Toledo which holds 66,000 gallons, and thereby greatly outdoes the famous Heidelberg cask, celebrated in German prose and poetry.

There are the times of civilization and peace, and yet it is figured that during the last thirty-three years full 2,800,000 men have lost their lives in war.

There are nearly a round million of freight cars in use on American railroads, which have 75,000 passenger cars in service.

VAGRANT VERSES.
A Greenwood Tree.
The slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shallow rill,
And stand down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
You shall find them both at a single stroke,
You never can reach either oak or beech
To be aught but a Greenwood Tree. —Exchange.

The Unstable.
The object that we always would possess
In wealth and comfort and in ease,
Our longing dream with victory to bless,
We find it down both at a single stroke,
And thus we find it down both at a single stroke,
And thus we find it down both at a single stroke.

Appropriate.
"If I were you," the schoolboy said,
I'd go to the school and get a beating,
"I'd go to the school and get a beating,"
"You are so fond of beating."

Typoid Fever, The Grip.
Pneumonia, Diphtheria, Ac., Hood's Sarsaparilla is of great value to purify the blood and build up the strength.

"I am a victim of the late war. I enlisted at the age of 19 years in New York City in the old New York Infantry, on May 20, 1861. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., I was stricken with typhoid fever and was taken to the hospital at White House Landing, Va., to die. But I got over the fever and went to the General Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia, Pa. From there I was

Discharged as Incurable.
Doctors pronounced my disease phthisis pulmonalis, said both my lungs were affected, that I had consumption in severe form and could not live long. I consulted physicians in New York and they stated that they could not cure me. I then came across a comrade who told me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so; before I had finished half the bottle my cough began to get less and my appetite was better. I had taken three bottles my night sweats grew less and less. Since taking the fifth bottle I have been in good general health.

"Many of my old comrades at the Soldiers and Sailors' Home, at Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., where I was some time, know about my case, and many of them have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit. I cordially recommend it."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
to my comrades in the U. S. A. R., of which I have been a member for 30 years. J. H. HARRISON, 420 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and are the best liver invigorator and cathartic.

WIFE MANAGEMENT.
Submit Your Ideas on This Important Domestic Question.
Bachelor or Benedict, Maid, Wife or Widow May Compete.

By Giving a "Pointer" You May Gain Valuable Advice.

Readers of THE EVENING WORLD who have "pointers" on "How to Manage a Wife," and who believe that they know just what this difficult question can be settled, may have the field.

One Who Wants a Pointer has supplied a few of the husbands among its million readers who are obliged to confess that the art of managing a wife is a lost art with them. THE EVENING WORLD throws open its columns.

All may compete by their husband or bachelor, maid, wife or widow. Who can send the best formula in two hundred words, or less, for the successful management of the better half, the lesser man, his wife?

Just as a hint to the wife of New York's multitudinous women it may be suggested that if she persuades her hubby to go in and with the prize, that \$20 gold piece might be utilized in the purchase of a love of an Easter bonnet!

Send on your recipes, everybody, to THE WORLD.

Conditions.
THE EVENING WORLD will give a good double eagle to the wife who shows best "How to Manage a Wife." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to WIFE EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, FLETCHER BUILDING.

THE CLEANER.
I hear that Paderewski, the half-bred Polish pianist, has made more havoc among the hearts of the fair sex in Gotham during his short stay than any genius who has come to these shores from foreign parts during the last decade. He will leave many an aching void when he sails away.

The friends of the Rev. John R. Paxton say that when his dander is up he is a terrible fighter. Just now his sporting blood seems to be rising, and the manner in which he has slain Dr. Haisford and Dr. Parkhurst for criticizing Mr. Ward's conduct yesterday afternoon is suggestive of the cyclone pugilist.

The Manhattan Athletic Club amateurs, pardonably elated over home successes, have accepted an invitation from Lakewood to repeat their Ladies' Day performance at the great Winter resort hotel there next Friday evening.

Little Jack McKever, the six-year-old son of Treasurer Joe McKever, of Palmer's, is not a professional in any sense of the word, but he is in great demand among the patronesses and managers of charity entertainments.

The "women folk," from stately matrons to gurgling maidens, just do the little rascal. The other evening at a charity entertainment they encircled Jack with uncharitable persistence, and the lad had played his violin till his baby arms ached, pinched, in slaps, scorpions and skiff dances and spoken half a dozen platitudes to the ladies.

Jack was the only one of the hostile tribes of the Indians, and it is from them that the Territory takes its name.

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A TRUCE IN HIGH SLEEVES.
Pretty Shoulder Frills Introduced in Parisian Styles.

Costs that Reach the Ground—Other Fashion Notes.

High huge sleeves are no longer stylish in Paris, but a truce has been formed for those who yearn for the voluminous shoulder by the introduction of shoulder frills, which give an aspect of wealth and raise the sleeves, without in reality pandering to the mode that threatened danger to the ears in its excessive progress. Thus a charming effect is produced upon a house gown of red cloth diagonally striped with black, from which hangs a loose and not over full frill of the material, the remainder of the bodice fit tightly, and being looked invidiously beneath the frill arm.

Measuring cups may be bought for a dime. They are a good substitute for scales as far as cooking goes, but there is only one way to guard against short weight, for butchers and grocers are only men and all men are not to be trusted.

Janitors in fashionable churches and popular places of amusement are bewildered by the odds and ends of bead, cord and twisted-covered wood-fringe and dress-trimmings that litter the floor after the service or performance. The fragments are shoveled up with a dust-pan, but it takes a coal-hoed to hold them.

Parlors are making long princess coats which reach to the ground and form a complete outdoor costume. No dress is worn beneath, and the coat is of very thick cloth with sleeves and trimmings of velvet, or these are often of thin cloth covered with braiding.

Capes of all sorts of cloth and fur are made with a yoke and flaring collar or ruff.

Diagonal cloth for mourning wear is fast becoming as popular as cashmere, was a few years ago.

Influenza is a complaint that in the great majority of cases takes itself off through the pores of the skin and liquid excretions of the body. So long as the patient is dry and the temperature high, active mischief is at work, but relief comes with perspiration. One or two teaspoonfuls of sweet spirits of nitre in a wineglassful of water the last thing at night aids nature very much in producing this desirable effect. A hot bath, with soda or ammonia in it, provided the patient can get up into a bed afterward, or a hot foot-bath in the initial stage of the illness, does much towards relieving pain in the limbs; but it is not desirable when the bath is taken on the fourth, as the risk of chill is too great.

Influenza often attacks the chest and is attended with a dry, hacking cough, or a rubbing with ordinary salad oil or glycerine. A cup of plain gruel or corn-flour acts as a nourishment and a sort of inside hot poultice. The peculiar and long-lasting cough is much mitigated by half wineglassful of horchondia tea sweetened with honey. The dryness of the throat yields to sage and lemon juice, or a good quantity of a lemon into a large glass and pouring boiling water over it. A spoonful of black currant jam and a lump of sugar may be substituted for the lemon juice, and thin barley water flavored with lemon is supporting as well as pleasant. As a general axiom it may be taken that eggs, meat, soups, milk, and soup are far more recuperative in most cases of recovery from influenza than meat and wine.

"DIE MEISTERINGER."
Wagner's opera, "Die Meisteringer," was presented for the last time at the Metropolitan Opera-house last night with Jean de Reszke in the leading role. The famous tenor walked away as usual with the lion's share of the honors. He sang admirably, and if, as the Wagnerites suggest, he was not imitated with Wagnerian traditions, it looks very much as though the large and critical audience were perfectly willing to dispense with these. An excellent piece of work was done by Carbone, who sang the role of Beckmesser with considerable effect. Mme. Albani again appeared as Eva, and sang well. Montarioli, a victim of unpleasant mannerisms, was also in the cast. "La Sonnambula" will be sung to-morrow night instead of "Martha."

Every Man Counts.
(From Judge.)
In a Minnesota backwoods town.
Leader of the Mob—Have you anything to say why you should not be hanged for your crime?
Victim—Yes, sir; this is Presidential year and I'm a Cleveland man.
Leader of the Mob—Take him down, boys. He's too valuable a man to lose.

One Good Point.
(From the Boston Herald.)
"Denouncing that horse of yours again?"
"Yes, and that's why I call him McAllister."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, the best thing about him is his pedigree."

Had He Any?
(From the Boston Herald.)
"There seems to be something the matter with my brain," said cholly.
"When is your brain, dear boy?" asked his bosom friend, Dicky.
"I can't find out—that's what the doctor said was the matter with it."

The Cause of His Sickness.
(From the Boston Herald.)
Mrs. Potter—What a wonder what kept you out all night this time!
Jack Potter—I sat up with a sick friend.
Mrs. Potter—What was his complaint?
Mr. Potter—He complained that the rest of us cured him.

Woe to the Woe.
(From the Boston Herald.)
"Was Mr. Greatmum buried with Congressional honors?"
"No; all his folks are temperance people."

Answering the Same Purpose.
(From the Boston Herald.)
Bingo—I wish you would try some alcohol on this coat, and see if you can't get some of the spots out.
Bingo—There isn't any alcohol left, but you might breathe on it.

No Junketing.
(From the Boston Herald.)
Mrs. Ringo—Burtied with Congressional honors?
"No; all his folks are temperance people."

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "A White Lie" at Palmer's.

"Miss Helvett" in Harlem—At Other Playhouses.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal began a farewell engagement at Palmer's Theatre last night. Whether it is one of Palmer's well-known farewell engagements remains to be seen. It is certain, however, that the Kendals will not be here next season, as they are booked for England. The play was "A White Lie," by Sydney Grundy, which is not new to the repertoire, although it has been altered and improved. It is not a strong play, but it has some delightful comedy scenes. Mrs. Kendal as Kate Desmond and Mr. Kendal as Sir John Molyneux did their usual flawless work.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
"Von Yonson," the three-act "farical drama" written by G. Heege, and used by him as a star vehicle, began a week's engagement at the Grand Opera-house last night. Gus Heege as the "Swede from Yimtown" was exceedingly felicitous, and Miss Sallis Connelly as Mrs. Lalla, proprietress of the Rush City Junction Hotel, caused a great deal of mirth. Miss Annie Lewis sang a few songs, and the cast also included J. H. Byers, Harold Hartzel, Helene Lowell, Franklyn Hurligh, Frank Jones, J. W. Davenport, W. Barrie, F. Hicks and Vincent Eldon.

NEW PAPER THEATRE.
This home of farce-comedy is keeping up an apparently endless series of these entertainments. Last night "Tuxedo" was the play. It is an infinitely and farce-comedy, and is a very acceptable performance, presented by clever and talented actors. The cast included J. H. Byers, Harold Hartzel, Helene Lowell, Franklyn Hurligh, Frank Jones, J. W. Davenport, W. Barrie, F. Hicks and Vincent Eldon.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE.
"Miss Helvett" favored the Harlemites last night, when it was seen at Hammerstein's Theatre. The original cast, with the exception of Miss Helvett, was a very acceptable performance, presented by clever and talented actors. The cast included J. H. Byers, Harold Hartzel, Helene Lowell, Franklyn Hurligh, Frank Jones, J. W. Davenport, W. Barrie, F. Hicks and Vincent Eldon.

THE LAST STRAW.
It is unfortunate that the much-talked-of Piton stock company should have selected so weak, so trivial and so utterly tiresome a play as "The Last Straw," with which to open at the Union Square Theatre last night. The organization is so mediocre, and it is not likely that there is another play in it of less worthy character than this, an adaptation of Paul Ferrier's "L'Article 231," by Fred Horner. Horner is the Gillette of England—that is to say, his originality consists in discovering the originality of others. Horner adapted "The Last Straw" from a French play, and called his adaptation "The Last Straw," but the other "Williamson's Widows," but both became the outcasts of hisson and tarre's work.

"The Last Straw" aside from the story it tells, is weak on account of its construction. Whatever merits it may have vanish after the first act. The second act is a surprise, and the third act a tangle of useless explanatory talk. The theme of the play is simple enough. A husband and wife, who really love each other, talk of securing a divorce. He has slapped her face. The problem is finally solved by the wife slapping the husband's face. There is nothing more to it, I assure you. A silly duologue, and the scene being set for the last curtain, introduced to propose to the supposedly injured wife and make a feeble complication with an amorous widow. In fact, "The Last Straw" contains the hackneyed idea that prevails in "Love in the Mask," and is a life in many French plays that could not be adapted to the American stage. The play is a tangle of useless explanatory talk. The theme of the play is simple enough. A husband and wife, who really love each other, talk of securing a divorce. 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